

make it better. Every artist that has painted a worthy and noble picture, or made even the smallest thing of beauty to stay in the world, has added something to the enriching of our human life. Every lowly Christian that has lived a true, courageous life amid temptation and trial, has made it a little easier for others to live right. Every one that has let fall into the stream of this world's life wholesome words, good words, divine lessons, has put into the current of humanity a handful of spices to sweeten a little the bitter waters. It is always worth while to live nobly, victoriously, struggling to do right, showing the world even the smallest fragments of divine beauty. It is worth while to be a friend. No other privilege is more sacred; no other responsibility is greater. One writes of the influence of a friend:—

"A flash! You came into my life,
And lo, adown the years
Rainbows of promise stretched across
The sky grown gray with tears;
By day you were my sun of gold,
By night, my silver moon;
I could not from the Father's hands
Have asked a greater boon.

"My every breath and every thought
Were pure because of you;
I had not dreamed that heaven could be
So close to mortal view;
My hands and feet were swift to do
The good that near them lay,
And in my heart throughout the year
The joy-bird sang each day."

The privilege granted to a few rare spirits of being the friend of many people is one of the earth's sacred gifts. To stand by others in their time of joy and in their hour of faintness; to guide them when the way is perilous; to comfort them in the day of sorrow; to be their counsellor in perplexity; to inspire in them noble thoughts, gentle sentiments, upward influences; and then to sit beside them when they are entering the valley of shadows—no ministry on earth is holier and diviner than this.

One of our poets has told us that our life is a leaf of white paper, on which each of us may write his word or two, and then comes night. What are we writing on our little leaf? It should be something that will bless those that read it. It should be something fit to carry into eternity; it must be most beautiful and worthy for this. It should be something that we shall not be ashamed to meet again; for this leaf will appear in judgment, bearing our word or two, good or bad, just what we put on it, and by this we shall be judged. It is well that we do only things that are worth while, things that are right and true and pure and lovely, things that will last forever. "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

Sisters' S. C. E.

Perhaps many workers of the S. S. C. E. are interested in Mission work. The following selection from the *Christian Alliance* is worth reading:

WOMAN IN MISSIONS.

When Columbus came to the Spanish court with his reasonable eloquence it fell on many indifferent or suspicious ears; but Isabella believed. "Amid the general incredulity," he says, "the Almighty infused the Queen, my Lady, with a spirit of intelligence and energy, and while every one else expatiated on the inconvenience and cost she gave all the support in her power." That country, which she cheered on an enthusiast to find, the women whose birthright it is have determined shall be preserved. Isabella plead with every fresh outgoing commander across the Atlantic that he would be pitiful to the poor slaves in the West Indies; in our time we have seen cultivated women go down themselves to the degraded black race, the abused red race, the scorned yellow race. The devout queen of the fifteenth century yearned to send the holy faith abroad and to save souls in India, China, and Japan. Yes, lovely Isabella, you took the longest way round, but it was the shortest way home to the consummation of your wish. American women, rank upon rank, respond to your longing. They have torn off the fifteenth century clasp from your Bible and sent the Word of God to have free course in the real China and Japan. If, after four hundred years of heavenly training, she has developed anything in proportion to the goodness of her life on earth, it would rejoice Isabella more to-day to know that than to know the distinguished fact of a civilized world celebrating the discovery with which her name is linked.

The history of organized missionary work as promoted by women in this country is a history of a disciplined army developed in place of volunteer pickets.

The history of this woman's missionary movement is a history of holy fellowship that was impossible to the ancient world. It overlooks denominational boundaries; the active missionary spirits in different branches of the church are those who are closest together in Christian sympathy. No ocean can effect this tie. A British sister has but to step into one of our Mission Rooms and inquire for a leaflet, or bring a message into our meetings, and we recognize at once the bond of fellowship in a sacred cause. What did the Aspasia, the Alcinoes or Penelopes of old Greece, whose very goddesses lived in envy and jealousy of one another, know of such

comradery and enthusiasm between women? It could never have drawn the breath of life except in the atmosphere of Christianity.

This history is a record of women called forth from the conservatism in which they were entrenched. Our English and Scotch sisters were twenty years in advance of us in organized missionary work. (We have caught up with them since.)

But did devout women of the church wait for the advantages of general organization before attempting missionary work? By no means. From the first they were offering personal service, gifts, prayers. The first ship that carried American missionaries to the heathen world bore away Harriet Newell and Ann Haseltine Judson. In 1817 two unmarried ladies were teaching among the North American Indians, and by 1880, 104 had been sent to the different tribes by a single Board. For forty years before the modern movement the silent partners in the hardships of the missionary cabin on the frontier were recognized, if unnamed, heroines of the church. This was the era of the universal sewing society and the home missionary box. Before railroads, in the days of canal boats when postage was twenty-five cents and purchasing by sample through the mail was yet uninvented; in those days when Daniel Webster was in the habit of referring to a trip to Pittsburgh, Pa., as "my visit to the West"—oh, then, great was the Box! Small need for the mothers in Israel to spend their time in surmising what would be acceptable, as they gathered round to pack it, for, after perhaps a decade of years since she went out from the East with her bridal trousseau, at a distance of, it may be, 200 miles from the nearest trading post, and the frontier cabin filling with little heads all the while, what was there, that fingers could make, which the missionary mother did not need? No small contribution of sympathy, constantly, and substantial aid, did a generation of women put into those boxes. Occasionally a brother started for the frontier clad in the suit of homespun which their hands had made from the raw product of the flax field and sheep's back.

Organized missionary work, as promoted by American women, practically began in 1861 with the Union Society in New York city. It was founded by Mrs. Doremus. "While others expatiated on the inconvenience and cost, if not the fanaticism of such a project, she, like Isabella, believed in things not seen, and acted with an "intelligence and energy" inspired from above.

CONVICTION of sin is the portico over the door which opens into the chamber of the new birth.